The Weekly Museum.

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For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WHIMSICAL CULINARY INSTRUCTIONS.

Mr. Harriſſon,

AS your Muſeum is ſometimes a vehicle for articles of pleaſantry, I cannot avoid ſending you the following extracts and obſervations from a celebrated book of Cookery; a work more frequently conſulted by houſe-wives than even the Whole Duty of Man. Turning over the leaves of that beautiful performance, and feaſting imagination with the theory of puddings, pies, cuſtards, and *blancmanges*, as well as with that of turtle, and other ſavoury diſhes, I happened to pop upon the following words, at which I was exceedingly ſurprized: "Waſh your *head* clean, beat up the yolk of an egg and rub *over it* with a feather; then ſtrew over it a ſeaſoning of pepper, ſalt, thyme, parſley, ſhred lemon peel, grated bread, and a little nutmeg; ſtick bits of butter over it, and put it in the oven; then put *your brains* in a bit of white cloth, with a little parſley, and a leaf or two of ſage, boil them, chop them ſmall, and warm them in a ſauce-pan with a piece of butter, and a little pepper and ſalt. —Lay *your head* in a diſh, put *your brains* round it, and garniſh it with lemons and pickles. It is proper for a top-diſh."

Gueſs at my ſurprize, Mr. Editor, at reading ſuch extraordinary inſtructions which appeared to be addreſſed to the reader, emphatically mentioning *your head, your brains*, &c. But, in the height of my ſurprize, I happened to look at the title of this receipt, which was as follows—"how to dreſs a *calf's head.*"

After burſting into an immoderate fit of laughter at my miſtake, I ſat down to communicate to you the particulars of this whimſical circumſtance. Trifling as it may appear, it will perhaps extort a ſmile from ſuch of your readers as are inclinable to be pleaſed. It will alſo ſerve as a hint to thoſe who may hereafter write treatiſes on the culinary art, not to ſay, *your head*, that is the head of the reader, when they are in reality, treating upon a *calf's head*. It cannot be ſuppoſed, indeed, that any one can be ſo intolerably ignorant as to follow the literal meaning of the directions given by theſe governeſſes of the kitchen: ſhould that really be the caſe, what dreadful conſequences might enſue from the following words, which appear in the next ſubſequent page of the ſame book:——"Waſh *your head*, take out *the brains*, and carefully take out *the tongue*."

The following inſtructions, underſtood literally, would be as ridiculous, as the other appears to be ſhocking and abominable. Still expatiating upon the ſame ſubject, the learned author ſays, "take a little thyme, a nutmeg grated, two anchovies, half a pint of oyſters, clean waſhed, a quart of gravy, a blade or two of mace, a few truffles, morels, and muſhrooms, ſtew all together, then *pour it over your head.*"

The lady may doubtleſs be underſtood by her readers, but there is ſomething ſo truly ridiculous in her mode of conveying her culinary inſtructions, that I was ſeized with a ſecond fit of involuntary laughter. I could not help figuring to myſelf an ideal character, who had taken ſuch infinite pains, and united ſuch a variety of ingredients to give his ſauce the higheſt *gout;* and immediately afterwards deliberately pouring the whole *malange* over his *own head.*"

Should this trifle be thought worthy of a place in your Muſeum, I confeſs it would afford me pleaſure, and induce me to make future attempts to endeavour to be further noticed. I am, Sir,

With great deference,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
May 24. PETER PICKLE.

Tueſday the 8th inſtant, being the Anniverſary of the Benevolent Society of the city of New-York, they met at their room at Mr. Heyer's, in Chatham-ſtreet, to elect their officers for the enſuing year, previous to which the following Oration was delivered to the Society, by Mr. Stockwell, one of the members:

Brethren of the Benevolent Society,

ACCORDING to your appointment, I have come forward to addreſs you on this important occaſion; and I feel myſelf ſo near allied to you as brothers, that notwithſtanding my inability and deficiency in literature, I can chearfully preſent you with my friendly advice, confident that if what I ſhall obſerve is inadequate to your wiſhes, the blame muſt fall on yourſelves for not making your appointment of another better qualified.

But brethren, when we take a contemplative view of the origin of our Society, and the principles on which it is founded, it ſhould lead on in a path of ſolemnity to the fountain of Benevolence, which is no leſs than the Great Supreme, as Benevolence is one of his eſſential attributes, we adopting that name, ought to be very cautious that our conduct in the world ſhould coincide with our adopted title.

But brethren, ſhould we attempt to be our guides through this wildering world, independent of the great pilot, we ſhou'd ſoon find ourſelves as a ſhip at ſea, without a helm; therefore let us with one accord, as children of Benevolence, look up to our Father which art in Heaven, we thy humble ſupplicants, with proſtration of all our powers, implore thy divine aſſiſtance; thy power being ſufficient to every purpoſe thy knowledge of our wants renders needleſs a repetition of them. Thy will is our ſalvation; from thy benevolence we receive every gift—thou haſt cauſed univerſal nature to harmonize in our good. This ſtupendous univerſe, and all its intricacies, was ſet in motion, and is continued to harmonize by thy power. Thou has cauſed the Earth, by thy power, to produce children to thee: And although we ſuck from the mother earth our ſubſiſtence and nouriſhment, let us ſee we are now of age to wean our minds from this Mother, and look for our Father's inheritance. We implore thy divine aſſiſtance to aid us in the buſineſs of this day; thou haſt cauſed the revolving ſeaſons to roll round another period, wherein we are called to chooſe from among us a leader for this little flock: Give us wiſdom to make the choice, and him thy guidance to perform his duty; bind us together in one bond of union and brotherly love; cauſe a benevolent ſpirit to accompany us in all ſtages of our journey through time; and when in thy wiſdom we have our motion ceaſe, may we have full aſſurance, that whatever ſituation thy omnipreſent ſpirit is our conſtant companion, and thy protecting power ſufficient to bear us up, either from ſin or evil, for thine is the kingdom, power and glory forever. Amen.

My brethren, it is with heartfelt ſatisfaction I now ſtand before you as a mouth for this body; and I hope that nothing coming out of this mouth, may defile the body. Benevolence, when we look at the definition of the word, repreſents a gift. We have adopted a new name, and as a giving diſpoſition would at preſent be as new as the name, we may well ſay with the revelator, "No man knoweth it ſave him that hath it." If we aſſume the name without that giving ſpirit, our conduct in life will give our title the lie. As our ſocial compact becomes more conſpicuous, the more we ſhall have the eyes of the world upon us; therefore, brethren, look out, either conceal from the world your connection with this body, or act up to its principles. I did not ſtep up here to flatter you to negligence, neither ſhall I fear to do my duty. We have ſet too our hands in this bond of union, therefore be ye all of one mind. This is a period conſtitutionally pointed out to organize this body for the enſuing year, with what we call officers. Let us be unanimous in our appointment of a brother, able and diſpoſed to lead this flock in the path of their duty; that as it ſprang from a ſmall ſeed as that of a muſtard ſeed, and is now in a tender ſtate, ſo it becomes more neceſſary to have

the ſtricteſt attention of the overſeers in order that it may in time become a great tree.

My brethren, the tender branches of this tree already begins to ſhoot forth, and in time it may, and I truſt will, become a ſhade which many weary and unfortunate travellers through this wilderneſs may refreſh themſelves, and reſt their weary heads.

Again what ſatisfaction will it be to our children & children's children, when they ſee the unfortunate poor or ſick viſited and relieved by the Benevolent Society, and caſt their eye up at the certificate of their grandſire hanging for a picture, and find he was one of the founders and eſtabliſhers of this noble inſtitution. We will bleſs the day benevolence came to a head, more particularly if we or our children ſhould by cauſality want for bread. What a happy circumſtance it may be to us to ſee the pitying eye of our brethren caſt upon us, with their hands reaching out to us ſome cordial drops from this benevolent fountain.

Brethren, in order to promote and facilitate ſo laudable a purpoſe, let us with the utmoſt alacrity, each one come with his mite, putting the ſame into the treaſury againſt a day of need, either for ourſelves or ſome unfortunate brother.

My benevolent brothers, perhaps this may be the laſt time I ſhall have the opportunity of addreſſing you, and throwing out my weak ſentiments; but ſuch of them as you find worthy of your attention, pray treaſure them up in your minds as we do the money in the box: Surely it cannot be long before we ſhall have to attend the laſt remains of ſome of us, whoſe lot it may be firſt to be called off this ſtage of action, we know not; but when that period ſhall come, I earneſtly, recommend it to this Society to ſhew the utmoſt reſpect on the occaſion; not that we can do the deceaſed brother any ſervice, but for the honor, and to promote growth of our body, let every ſtep be taken which may render it reſpectable.

Now my brethren, we ſee what buſineſs lays before us for this day; let us proceed and effect it in love; and when we have brought it to a cloſe, let us, according to our appointment, ſet down in union at the table of Benevolence, and keep our eye at the ſame time on that name, and we ſhall ſee it written in legible characters on every thing we eat and drink. Let us enjoy the benefits the Great Author and Fountain of Benevolence has put into our hands, in love and peace, we ſhall, by that means, find our land like that of Canaan of old, flowing with milk and honey. So wiſhing proſperity to this Society at large, and each brother individually, I muſt cloſe my obſervations at preſent, hoping the brethren will take nothing amiſs or as deſigned errors, but believe me affectionately attached to both the body and its members, wiſhing that this Society may riſe in magnitude and reſpectability, until it ſhall arrive to its meredian height, and there reſt performing its deſigned purpoſes, and the wondering world ſtand amazed to ſee its divine operation.

The Society, after returning their thanks to the Speaker for his good counſel, proceeded to the choice of officers.—After which the Society was ſeated in order to an elegant dinner, the wine being ſerved in, 14 toaſts were drank, ſuited to the nature of the inſtitution, one of which was as follows:—"May the good effects of the Benevolent Society excite the aſtoniſhed world to follow its example, as the ſages of old did the ſtar in the Eaſt."—The day and the buſineſs of it being brought to a cloſe in the greateſt harmony and brotherly love, each brother returned to his reſpective home, ſeemingly filled with a ſpirit of emulation, who ſhould moſt exerciſe a ſpirit of benevolence, and attend to the beſt order.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To my Sweetheart.

O!
Do
My dear,
Juſt hear
Of the pain
Your fond ſwain
Feels in his heart,
From Cupid's dart;
The torments of love,
Which none can remove,—
None but you, whoſe bright eyes
Took my heart by ſurprize;
Whoſe lovely form ſo charm'd me,
Whoſe brilliant wit ſo warm'd me;
So thick your num'rous beauties preſt
With all their force upon my breaſt
Each thing you did ſeem'd done ſo ſweetly,
That ſtrait I fell in love completely:
Love on my heart your charming image drew,
And bade me henceforth think on none but you.
Then ſince o'er my ſoul ſuch a power you poſſeſs,
O! could you reſolve my fond wiſhes to bleſs,
No more of Fate I'd aſk than ſuch tranſcendent charms;
And all my hopes of bliſs ſhould center in your arms:
To celebrate my love and happineſs I'd ſpend my longeſt breath,
And like the harmonious ſwan, enraptur'd, ſing myſelf to death.
But, if malicioufly combin'd with cruel fate,
You're willing to drive me pell-mell to deſpair;
'Twill lead my ſpirits with a greater weight
Than I think I can poſſibly bear.
If I'm of all thoſe joys depriv'd,
Which now ſeem ſo delightful;
I cannot be long liv'd—
A ſcene ſo frightful
I can't endure,
But muſt die—
Ah! poor
I!

May 23. SLENDER.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The SWEETS *of* MAY.

BLEAK Winter is ſubdu'd at length,
And forc'd to yield the day;
The ſun draws near with all his ſtrength,
And hails the Sweets of May.

Reviving Spring at length is come,
How after'd is the ſcene,
The trees and ſhrubs are dreſt in bloom;
The earth array'd in green.

Where'er we tread, beneath our feet,
The various flowers ſpring,
While in the grove in concert ſweet,
The feather'd ſongſters ſing.

See perch'd on yonder May blown buſh,
The inoffenſive pair,
The ſweet melodious pretty thruſh,
Courting his charming fair.

The blackbird calls—and ſpreads his wing,
Adorn'd with ſcarlet hue,
With lofty note he hails the ſpring,
And bids ſtern March adieu.

While in the lone ſequeſter'd ſhade,
The turtle dove complains,
His mate comes flying down the glade,
To hear his love-ſick ſtrains.

From mid-day ſun within the grove,
The feather'd ſongſters play,
Singing their vows of mutual love,
Each hails the Sweets of May.

At length reſolv'd, each happy pair,
Their hearts and fortunes join,
Love ſoftens every toil and care,
And makes their bliſs divine.

No jealous thought diſturb their minds;
No care annoys their breaſt,
For love unites, and duty binds,
And each is fully bleſt.

Sweet emblem of a married life,
Where contentment leads the van,
Where Heav'n beſtows a virtuous wife—
How happy is the man.

The man that's bleſt with ſuch a wife,
Will love, with love repay,
Thus thro' the checquer'd ſcene of life—
Both taſte the Sweets of May.

Eaſtwoods, May 21. W. M. S.

LITTLE BEN.

A FAVORITE SONG, *by Mr. Dibdin.*

RESPLENDANT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glittering lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And ſcarce a ripple ſhook the ſea;
When thus the ſailors Nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of ſtrong ſenſe a bounteous ſhare,
By obſervation well ſupplied;
While thus in bold and honeſt guiſe,
For Wiſdom moved his tongue,
Drawing from wiſdom comforts drop.
In truth and fair reflection wiſe,
Right cheerfully ſung,
Little Ben who kept his watch on the main-top.

Why ſhou'd the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he watches more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers know aſhore.
Never let the noble mind deſpair,
Though rolling ſeas run mountains high,
All things are built with equal care,
Firſt-rate or wherry, man or fly;
If there's a Power that never errs,
And certainly 'tis ſo,
For honeſt hearts what comforts drop:
As well as Kings and Emperors
Why not take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch on the main-top?

What though to diſtant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The ſweeter is my darling home
To bliſsful moorings in her arms;
Perhaps ſhe on that ſober moon
A lover's obſervation takes,
And longs that Little Ben may ſoon
Relieve that heart which ſorely achs.
Never fear that Power that never errs,
That guards all things below,
For honeſt hearts that never drop;
As well as Kings and Emperors
Will ſurely take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch on the main-top.

EPITAPH

Inſcribed on a tomb-ſtone in Stepney church yard, as a tribute to the memory of a young lady of the name of NOT, interred there.

NOT born, NOT dead, NOT chriſten'd,
NOT begot,
Lo! here ſhe lies, that was, and that was NOT.
She was born, baptiz'd, is dead, and what is more,
Was in her life NOT honeſt, NOT a ——.
Reader, behold, a wonder rarely wrought!
And while thou ſeem'ſt to read, thou readeſt NOT.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To. Miſs E—— M——.

OH! I could love, for ever love,
And gaze upon thy charms,
Till death my vital powers remove;
Or tear thee from my arms.

Thy lovely form, thy graceful air,
Thy heav'nly-radient eyes;
Beſpeak thee no leſs good than fair,
And no leſs fair than wiſe.

O! could I call thoſe beauties mine,
Which thus enchant my breaſt,
Fourtune and greatneſs I'd reſign;
With thee completely bleſt.

May 20. JOSEPHUS.

ANECDOTE.

THE high Bailiff of Birmingham, attended by ſome other officers of the town, goes round on a market-day to examine the weight of the butter, and they ſeize all which is found ſhort of ſixteen ounces.—A countryman, who generally ſtands in a particular place, having on a former market-day loſt two pounds of butter, was ſeen, the next time they came round, to laugh heartily, while the officers were taking a large quantity from a woman who ſtood near him.—One of the officers, not pleaſed with the fellow's want of decorum, particularly in the preſence of men veſted with ſuch *awful* authority, ſaid, "What do you mean by laughing, fellow? I took two pounds from you laſt week."——"I'll lay you a guinea of it," ſaid the countryman,—"Done," replied the officer; and immediately put a guinea into the hands of a reſpectable tradeſman, who was ſtanding at his own door. The countryman inſtantly covered it; and then, with a triumphant grin, ſaid, "d—n your thick ſcull, if it had been two pounds, could you have taken it from me? was it not for being ſhort of that weight that I loſt it."—The officer wanted to explain, but the gentleman who held the ſtakes was ſo perfectly convinced, that he gave the countryman the two guineas inſtantly, with which he walked off in triumph amidſt the huzzas of the ſurrounding populace.

Curious Inſtance of the power of Speech in a JACK-DAW.

A Proprietor of a bowling green, had a tame jack-daw, which, being kept on the green, had picked up a few of the terms made uſe of in the bowling green. It happened that the jack-daw had ſtrolled one day out of his territories into a neighbouring gentleman's garden, and followed ſome magpies into a garden houſe, where ſome peas and other ſeeds were kept. Whilſt the birds were making a delicious meal, the gardener came in and ſecured them all, by ſhutting the door, and proceeding to puniſh them; he ſeized one and cut off his head, and immediately a voice exclaimed from an oppoſite corner, "D—n him how he nicks him!—D—n him how he nicks him!" The gardener thunder ſtruck, looked about him, and though amazed, ſeeing no perſon near, got another under his clutches, and cutting off his head, was again accoſted with, "D—n him how he nicks 'em!—D—n him how he nicks 'em!" The gardener finding where the voice proceeded from, cried out "Who the D—l art thou?" The bird anſwered, "Brown's daw!" "What brought thee here?" "Bad company, bad company," replied the daw. The faculty of ſpeech ſaved the bird's life, and the gardener was liberally rewarded for reſtoring it to its owner.

NEW-YORK, *May* 26.

ON Thurſday the 10th inſt. Dr. Smith, a deputy ſheriff in Weſt Cheſter county, was inhumanly aſſaſſinated in the execution of his office, by John Ryer, at Delancy's mills.—A gentleman lately from that place has favoured us with the following detail of circumſtances: That the ſheriff having a writ againſt Ryer, met him in a public houſe at Delancy's mills, and took him priſoner—Ryer immediately drew a piſtol from his pocket and ſhot him dead upon the ſpot; he then preſented another piſtol and declared that he would ſhoot the firſt perſon who attempted to lay hands upon him, and notwithſtanding a number of perſons were preſent, he made his eſcape and has not ſince been apprehended.

The jury ſat upon the body of Doct. Smith, and brought in their verdict *wilful murder*. We hear that the ſheriff of Weſt Cheſter county has offered a reward of 100 dollars for his apprehenſion.

We have the pleaſure to communicate to the public, that letters have been received, at the War Office, from Major Hamtramck, commanding at Poſt Vincennes on the river Wabaſh, dated 30th March laſt, ſtating that he had made a pacific agreement with the Wea and Eel river Indians, and expected that the Pyankeſhas would immediately become parties thereto—Theſe tribes with their ſubdiviſions of villages, embrace a conſiderable part of the Wabaſh Indians who have been hoſtile.

It would appear, from the information of the chiefs of the ſaid tribes, that the Kickapoos of the Wea have removed to the Illinois river—but that if they return to their former ſituation, the Wea and Eel river Indians have ſtipulated, that the ſaid Kickapoos ſhall become parties to the agreement made with Major Hamtramck; or, they themſelves will drive them out of the country.

Elizabeth Town, May 23.—Laſt Friday night the dwelling houſe of Dr. Oliver Barnet, at Germantown, with all his furniture &c. was conſumed by fire. The Doctor's loſs is eſtimated at 2000l. This misfortune was occaſioned by the negligence of a negro wench, who fell aſleep without extinguiſhing her candle.

Wincheſter, May 7.—We have received the melancholy information of the Indians having penetrated into the country as far as the head waters of Dunker-Creek, within fifteen miles of Morgan-Town, where they committed murders on our innocent fellow-citizens, the bare recital of which is ſufficient to ſtir up every latent ſpark of American valour to revenge. On the plantation of one Leg, there was a blockhouſe in which nine militia-men were ſtationed; ſeven of theſe having gone to the Pau-Pau ſtation, about eight miles diſtant, on ſome buſineſs with their officer, and the other two being out, cutting timber for benches, a party of Indians, conſiſting of 15 or 20, came in the interim, took Mr. Leg, two of his children, a man by the name of Honſacre (who was out in a field, and was firſt wounded by them) a young woman by the name of Baldwin, and five children (part Honſacre's) priſoners. Mrs. Leg was wounded above the ſhoulder bone, but eſcaped to the houſe of one Curlet. Having ſecured the priſoners, the Indians ſet fire to the dwelling houſe and blockhouſe, and then proceeded up the creek about nine miles, and encamped. On the march, Honſacre, being faint with the loſs of blood, they pricked him with knives and ſpears to make him keep up. At the place they ſcalped him and knocked out his brains. Mrs. Honſacre, bemoaning the loſs of her huſband, was tomhawked by them; and her youngeſt child who cried bitterly at the tragic ſcene it beheld, alſo fell a ſacrifice to ſavage vengeance. A party of militia went the next day in purſuit of them, they arrived where the Indians had encamped, buried the unfortunate Honſacre, his wife and child, and then proceeded on, but without effect, as they did not overtake the Indians. The militia returned the Sunday following, and reported, as they came back they diſcovered a freſh trail, from which it is conjectured another party is ſtill hovering about the ſettlements. The houſe above mentioned ſaid to be ſet on fire, was extinguiſhed by a perſon who was paſſing by, before much damage was ſuſtained the block-houſe was reduc'd to aſhes.

SUICIDES.

On the 2d inſt. the wife of Mr. Codgden, of Clarenden, Otter Creek, put an end to her exiſtence, by plunging a large carving knife into her ſtomach. The circumſtance of this melancholy tranſaction, was owing to a deep concern of mind, reſpecting her future ſtate.

On Monday the 2d ult. Jabez Harger, of Greenville, put an end to his life by hanging himſelf. He was in the 25th year of his age and had ſupported the reputation of a ſober and induſtrious young man; but had fallen into a melancholy ſtate of mind for ſome months before his unhappy exit.

ARRIVALS ſince our laſt.

Ship Providence, Munro,	Cape-Francois.
Sarah, Grant,	Jamaica.
Neſſer, Colquehoun,	Glaſgow.
Lord Middleton, Hewgill,	Montego Bay.
Snow Friendſhip, Lord,	Briſtol.
Brig Venus, Lewis,	Demerara.
Liberty, Coats,	Surrinam.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening the 28th of April, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. JAMES COTTLE, to Miſs SARAH CARPENTER.

On Saturday evening the 5th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Foſter, Mr. BALDING, to Miſs MARY DODGE, of this city.

On Sunday evening the 6th inſt. at Newbergh, by the Rev. Mr. Cloſe, Mr. PETER AMERMAN of this city, to Miſs SELINA COFFIN, of that place.

On Sunday evening the 13th inſt. JOHN WOOLSEY, Eſq. formerly of Tappan to Miſs SALLY TYLER, of Brookhaven, Long-Iſland.

On Monday evening, the 14th inſt. Captain JOHN H. SHACKERLY, to Miſs ELIZABETH KUMBEL, daughter of Mr. William Kumbel of this city.

On Thurſday evening the 17th inſt. by the Rev Dr. Beache, Mr. P. C. WATERBURY to Miſs LYDIA CURTIS, daughter of Mr. Charles Curtis, of this city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt. by the Rev. Biſhop Provooſt, Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, to Miſs S. BARD, daughter of Dr. Samuel Bard, of this city.

On Thurſday evening laſt, Mr. JOSEPH GRIFFITHS, Merchant, to Mrs. ANN TAYLOR—both of this city.

Laſt month, JOHN CHIKIN, aged 61 years, to Mrs. LACKEY, aged 71, both of Kent county Delaware.

☞ Want of room obliges the omiſſion of ſeveral pieces, which will be attended to in our next.

The Anecdote from a Correſpondent, may ſuit a *Jeſt Book*, but is too *indelicate* for the Muſeum.

Erratum. In the piece ſigned *Eugenio*, in our laſt, ſtanza 2. line 2. for "Clouded *by* the midnight ſky," read "Clouded *like*, &c."

FOUND, A SILVER WATCH.

THE owner proving property may have it again by applying to the Printer hereof.

New-York, May 26, 1792. 11 3t.

The COURT of APOLLO.

[*As* DRUNKENNESS *is a vice of the moſt beaſtly nature, it cannot be too often repreſented in its own native uglineſs. The following picture of it may perhaps have more effect on ſome minds, than the moſt ſerious and laboured chapter of counſel and reproof.*]

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

" Errors like ſtraws upon the ſurface flow:
" He who would ſearch for pearls muſt dive below.

RUM is a peſt, both the ſoul and great,
It takes off men like time or fate:
When with it fill'd, your brains run round,
You go ſo far, then tumble down,
And lie a lubber and and a clown.

A little ſtory you ſhall hear:
Come, neighbouring tiplers, drop a tear.
Dick always ſuck'd the bottle, rum or brandy,
Juſt as ſome children ſuck molaſſes candy;
And never ſeem'd to think he had enough;
So good it was—ſuch cheering, ſlipp'ry ſtuff.
At length he found his caſh began to go—
His face uneven, ſuch great pimples grow;
His greaſy crimſon note conſpicuous ſhone,
And all the brightneſs of his eyes was gone;
His breeches torn and tatter'd—curs'd his wife;
A conſtant jolly ſort of pain his life.
Reſolv'd his breeches, and his life to mend,
Nor more his time at inns or taverns ſpend—
But theſe reſolves were impotent and vain,
For ſoon to drinking fell the wretch again.
Once paſſing by a place where drunkards meet,
It ſeem'd to ſtop a little while, ſo ſweet,
He tho't he'd juſt diſmount his horſe and enter,
But, like the ant, he ſettled for the winter.
Dragging into the houſe his ſhabby legs,
He hitch'd along as though he went by pegs:
Then having reach'd the room he took his chair,
And pull'd it after him up to the fire;
Then call'd for half a mug of brandy ſlip,
And having got it faſt began to ſip,
Or rather goggled down his throat the whole,
As though he wiſh'd to ſwallow mug and all.
" Come let us have another," cry'd the fellow,
For now my ſtomach grows a little mellow,
O rum! O ſlip! O brandy ſlip! plague take me!
O rum! beloved rum! if you forſake me!
The tavern is a place for joy and eaſe,
Get drunk, and you may do whate'er you pleaſe;
Give us a glaſs of gin, and I am bleſt;
Give us another glaſs to crown the reſt."
Thus ſung glad Dick, and drank till wholy drunk,
Taking and loſing ſpirits, down he ſunk.
At length a number hot him to his horſe,
And fix'd him on with ſtraddled legs acroſs:
Then on he jogg'd, 'twas dark, the drinker now
Falls flat as flounder, or a dead old ſow;
It chanc'd upon a very craggy rock,
And gave, as one may ſay, his head a knock;
A thump indeed it was, that crack'd his pate,
And made him groan—"My horſe will not goſtrait,
A deviliſh crooked——wiſh his neck was off!
He's thrown me down—I hope he's done enough.
I s'poſe he's kill'd me—Oh! my poor old head!
Broken to pieces!—Ah! I'm dead, I'm dead!"
Thus grunted he, while in the road he lay;
And groaned, grunted, mutter'd, ſoor'd his life away.

COMICUS.

A Certain Roman had divorced his wife, and being preſſed by the expoſtulation of his friends, who aſked *Was ſhe not fair? Was ſhe not chaſte? Was ſhe not fruitful?* Holding up his ſhoe to them, replied *Is it not handſome? Is it not new? yet none knows where it pinches but he who wears it.*

THE MORALIST.

A TALE BEARER *is often a* BABBLER *or a* MALICIOUS MAN.

IF we conſider the hatred which is occaſioned by reports, the quarrels which they create, and the diviſions which they foment; we ſhall find that they who make them, are moved to it by a great itching of ſpeaking, or by an extreme deſire of prejudicing others. Indeed, one muſt needs be very fond of ſpeaking, to meddle with the affairs of other men in ſuch a manner, without any neceſſity, authority, and order for it; or delight very much in diſorder, to be ſo willingly occaſion of it. Such a one ſeems to me to be ſo unworthy of an honeſt man, that I have much ado to report ſome obliging things, leſt ſome people ſhould ſuſpect that I may as well report ſome that are diſadvantageous. A man may prejudice his own affairs by being too zealous for thoſe of other men: though he be a diſcreet perſon, yet he may be accounted a great talker by thoſe whom it concerns not to hear them; and he may ſay ſeveral things which, though true, will be more unacceptable than lies. However a man muſt not refuſe to ſpeak when he thinks that juſtice requires it: but let him do it in ſuch a manner that if there is any ill thing in it, it may be aſcribed only to the ill diſpoſition of the hearer, and not to the ingenuity of the ſpeaker.

To be ſold at the follow Book-Stores, viz. Mr. Thomas Greenleaf's, No. 196, Water-ſtreet, Mr. Robert Hodge's, No. 11, do. Mr. Samuel Loudon's, No. 5, do. and at Mr. Benjamin Gomez's, No. 32, Maiden-lane;—alſo by the Author, No. 51, William-ſtreet,

A New American Publication,
Entitled,
THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN and LADY'S ASSISTANT,
Partly original, but chiefly compiled from the works of the moſt celebrated modern authors; calculated to inſtruct Youth in the principles of
Uſeful Knowledge,
In five parts, viz.
GEOGRAPHY, NATURAL-HISTORY, ELOCUTION, POETRY, and MISCELLANY.
To which is annexed, a ſhort ſyſtem of
PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC,
Wherein every example is wrought at large, and the whole, including the money of the United States, rendered eaſy to the meaneſt capacity.
This work is divided into ſmall ſections, for the convenience of ſchools.
By DONALD FRASER, School Maſter, New-York.

☞ Near ſeven hundred ſubſcribers in this city have encouraged this work with their ſubſcriptions, as have alſo ſeveral of the moſt reſpectable characters in the United States. *The copy right of this book is ſecured according to law.* P. 51.
New-York, May 12.

S. LOYD,
STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,
BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that ſhe carries on the above buſineſs in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock ſtreet.—She returns her moſt grateful acknowlegments to her friends and the public for paſt favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.
Thoſe ladies who pleaſe to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmoſt exertions to give ſatisfaction, and the loweſt terms.
Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1792. 93 1y.

SKINNER, SURGEON DENTIST,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, he has removed to No. 56, corner of Beekman and William-ſtreets, where he will with pleaſure receive the orders of thoſe Ladies and Gentlemen who pleaſe to honor him with their commands.
Mr. SKINNER embraces this opportunity of expreſſing his gratitude for the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profeſſion, and hopes by a conſtant exertion of his abilities, and a ſtudious endeavour to pleaſe, to merit every favor; he performs every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, and can furniſh even thoſe who have been ſo unfortunate as to loſe the whole of their teeth, with any number from a ſingle tooth to a complete whole ſet. He hopes to avoid imputation, when with confidence he aſſerts his ability to effect a permanent cure in a few minutes for the moſt excruciating pain proceeding from carious teeth, without extracting them.
Mr. SKINNER ſubſtitutes Artificial Eyes in ſuch a manner, as to hide the deformity occaſioned by the loſs of an eye, and which cannot be diſtinguiſhed by ſtrict inſpection from the natural eye. He demands no fee for performing any operation, unleſs it equals the moſt ſanguine expectations.
SKINNER's Dentifrice Powder and Tincture for whitening and preſerving the Teeth from decay, and eradicating the Scurvy in the Gums; ſold by appointment at the Inſpected Medicinal Store of Meſſrs. *Lawrence & Liveſay*, Queen-Street, Meſſrs. *Wainwright & Caldwell*, Apothecaries, Hanover-Square, and by the Proprietor: price 2/6 each, or 24/ per dozen.
Mr. SKINNER has juſt received from London, a quantity of the celebrated Ruſpinis Styptic for ſtopping violent Hæmorrhages or bleeding; the virtues of this well known Medicine are ſuch as need no recommendation, trial will prove its aſtoniſhing efficacy. *May* 19.

CASTELLI,
ITALIAN STAY-MAKER, juſt arrived from Paris, has removed from No. 22, Water-ſtreet, oppoſite the Coffee-Houſe, to No. 70, Broadway, oppoſite the City-Tavern, returns his ſincere thanks to the ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours by due attention, and the ſtricteſt punctuality. He continues to make all ſorts of ſtays, Italian ſhapes, French Corſet Engliſh ſtays, Turn ſtays, Suckling ſtays, Riding ſtays and all ſorts of dreſſes, in the moſt elegant and neweſt faſhion. Feb. 21. 98.
N. B. Wanted, one or two young girls, of good character, as apprentices to the above buſineſs.

MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.
At the City-Tavern.
THE Public will pleaſe to take notice that the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have altered the hour of ſtarting, from three o'clock in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the morning: This ſtage admits but ſeven ſeats, and leaves Powles Hook on Monday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday and Friday mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday afternoon: All application for ſeats in this ſtage muſt be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.
Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of expreſſes, extra ſtages, &c.
Fare of a paſſenger, 4 dols.
150 wt of baggage, 4 dols. tf
Feb. 18. J. M CUMMINGS, & Co.

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